DARK HORSE COMICS®

PLAN B

No.2

THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY™

GERARD WAY & GABRIEL BÁ

DAVE STEWART NATE PIEKOS

Hey kids!

GET TO SPACEBOY BEFORE HE GETS HIS ASS KICKED!

PLAN B ISSUE 002 // Story and Script by: **Gerard Way & Gabriel Bá**
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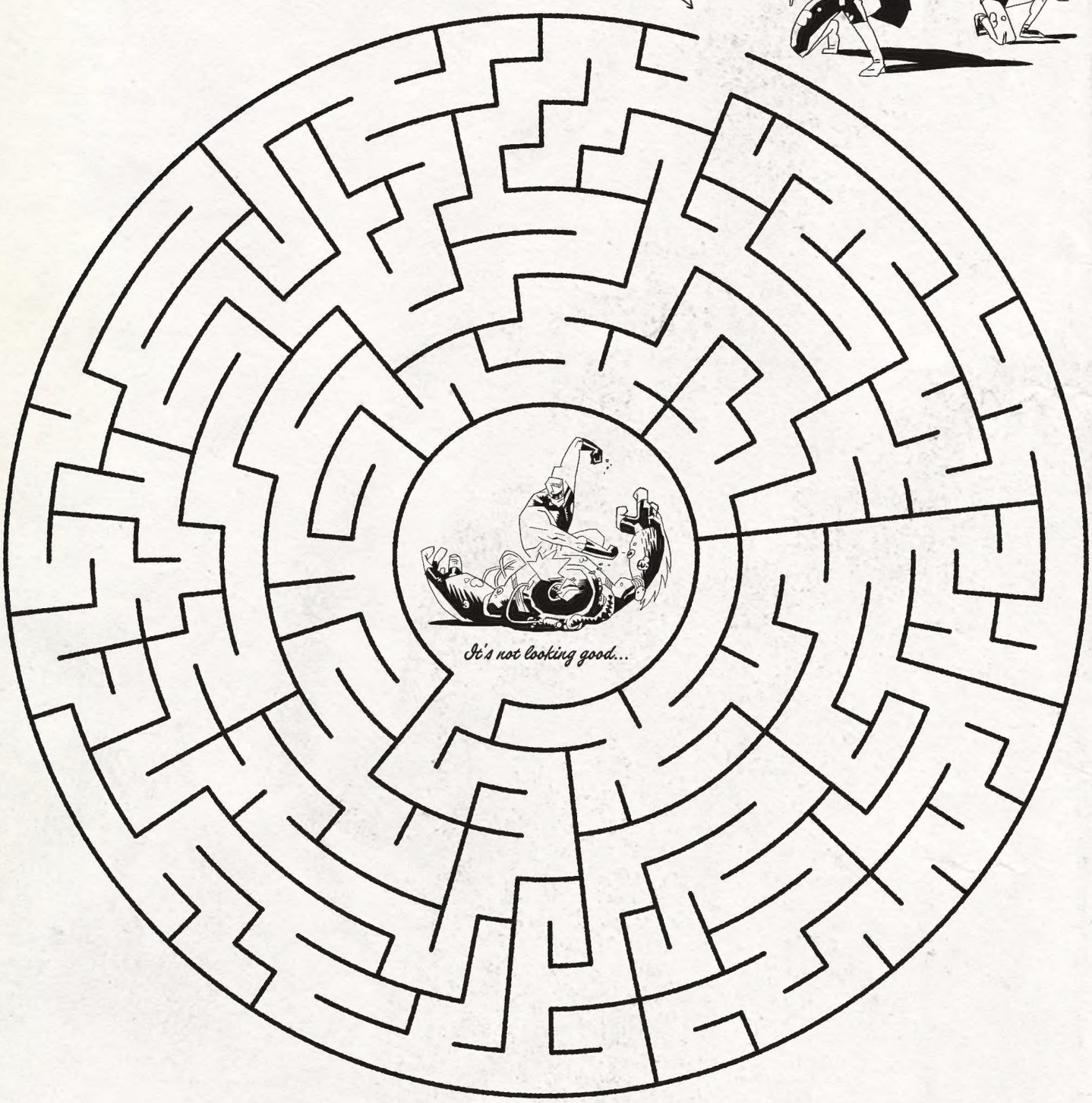

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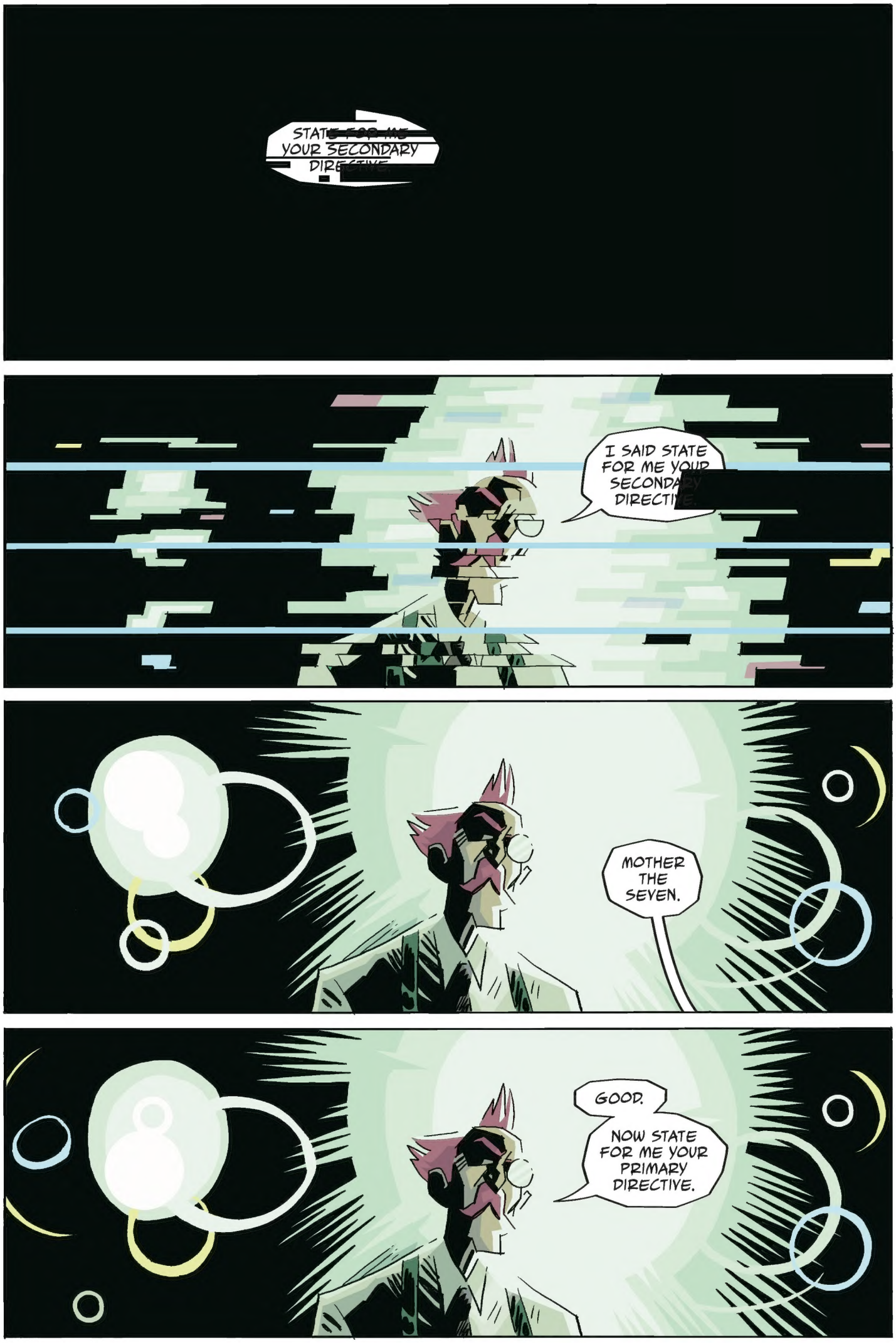
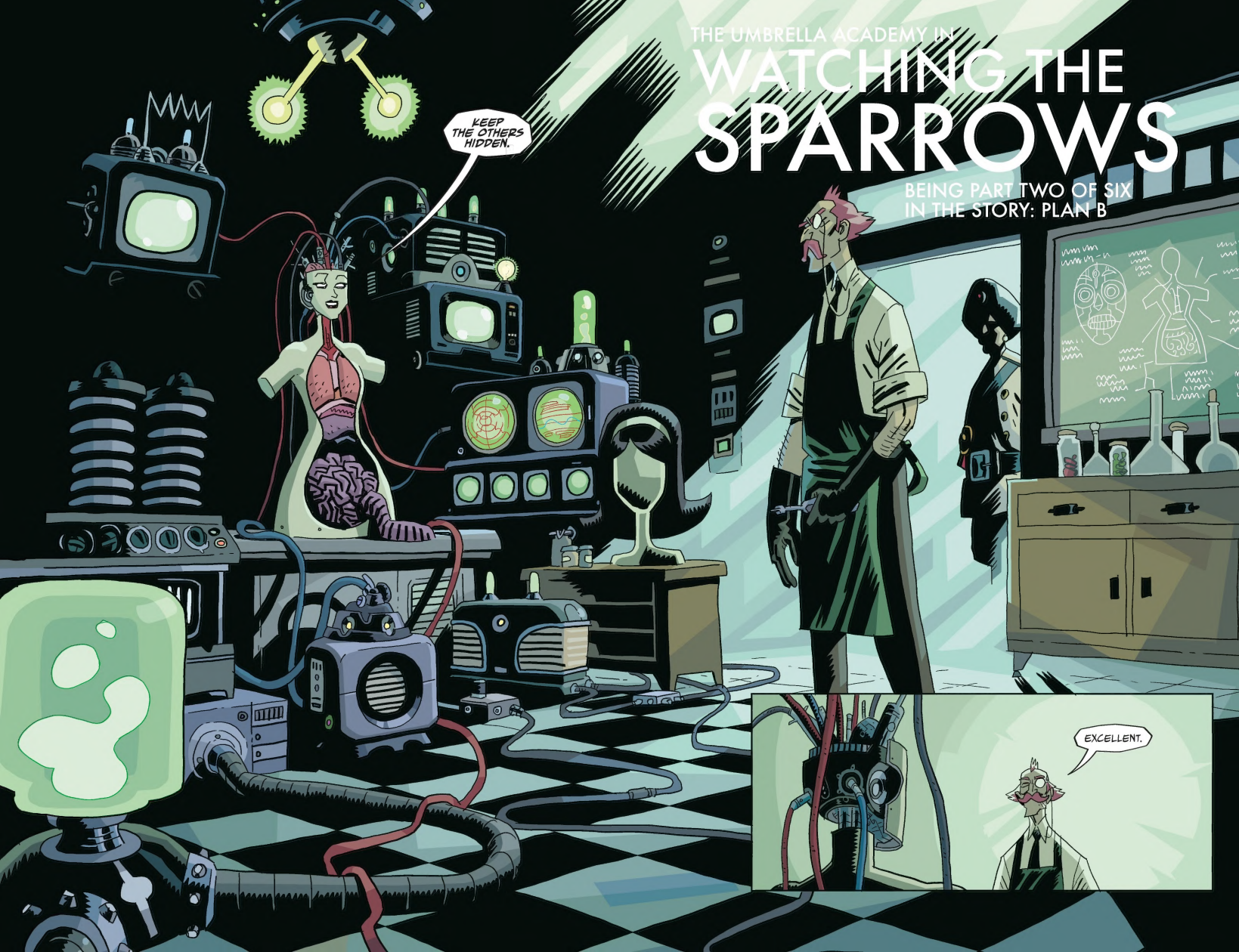
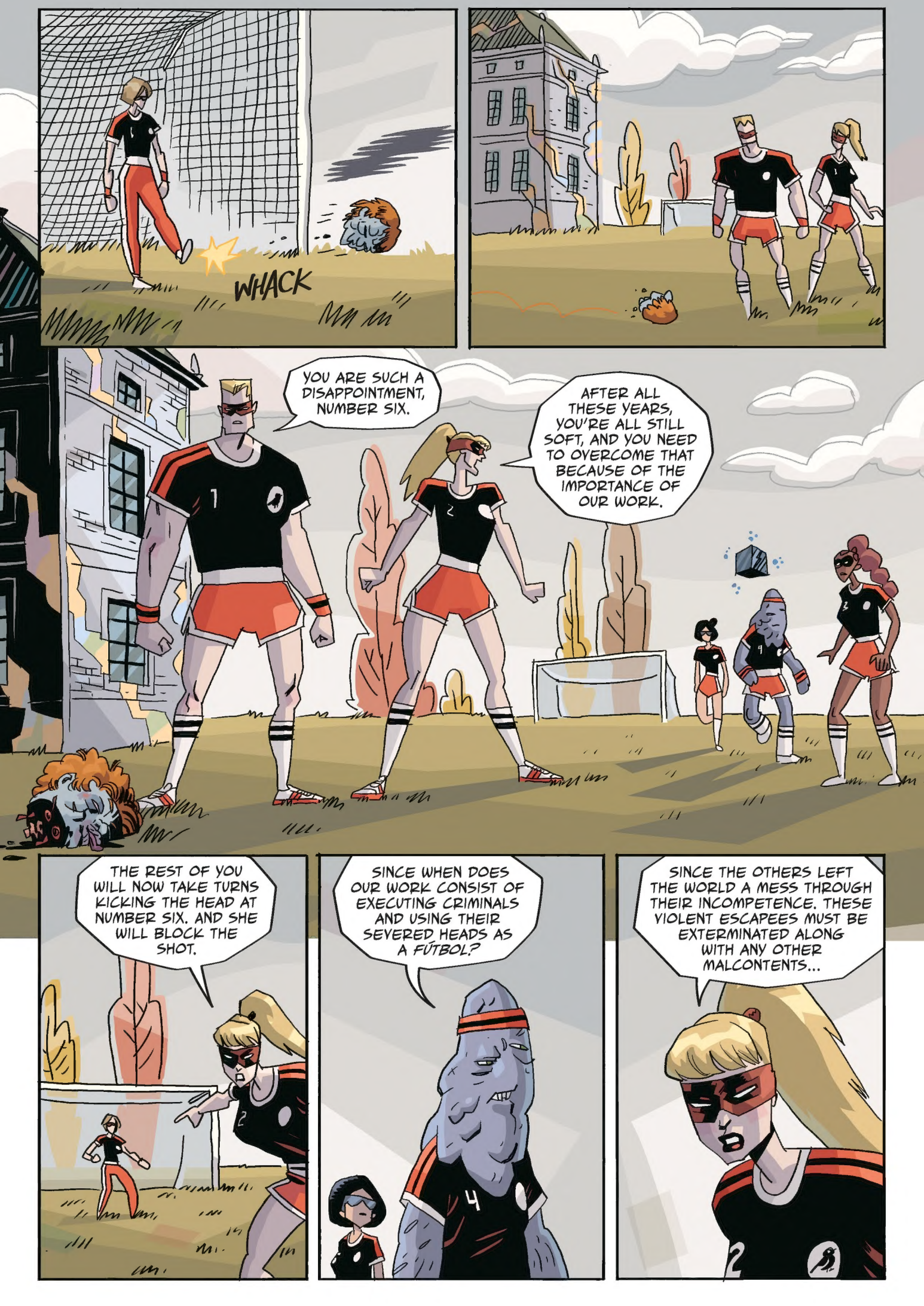

STATE FOR ME YOUR SECONDARY DIRECTIVE.
I SAID STATE FOR ME YOUR SECONDARY DIRECTIVE.
MOTHER THE SEVEN.
GOOD.
NOW STATE FOR ME YOUR PRIMARY DIRECTIVE.

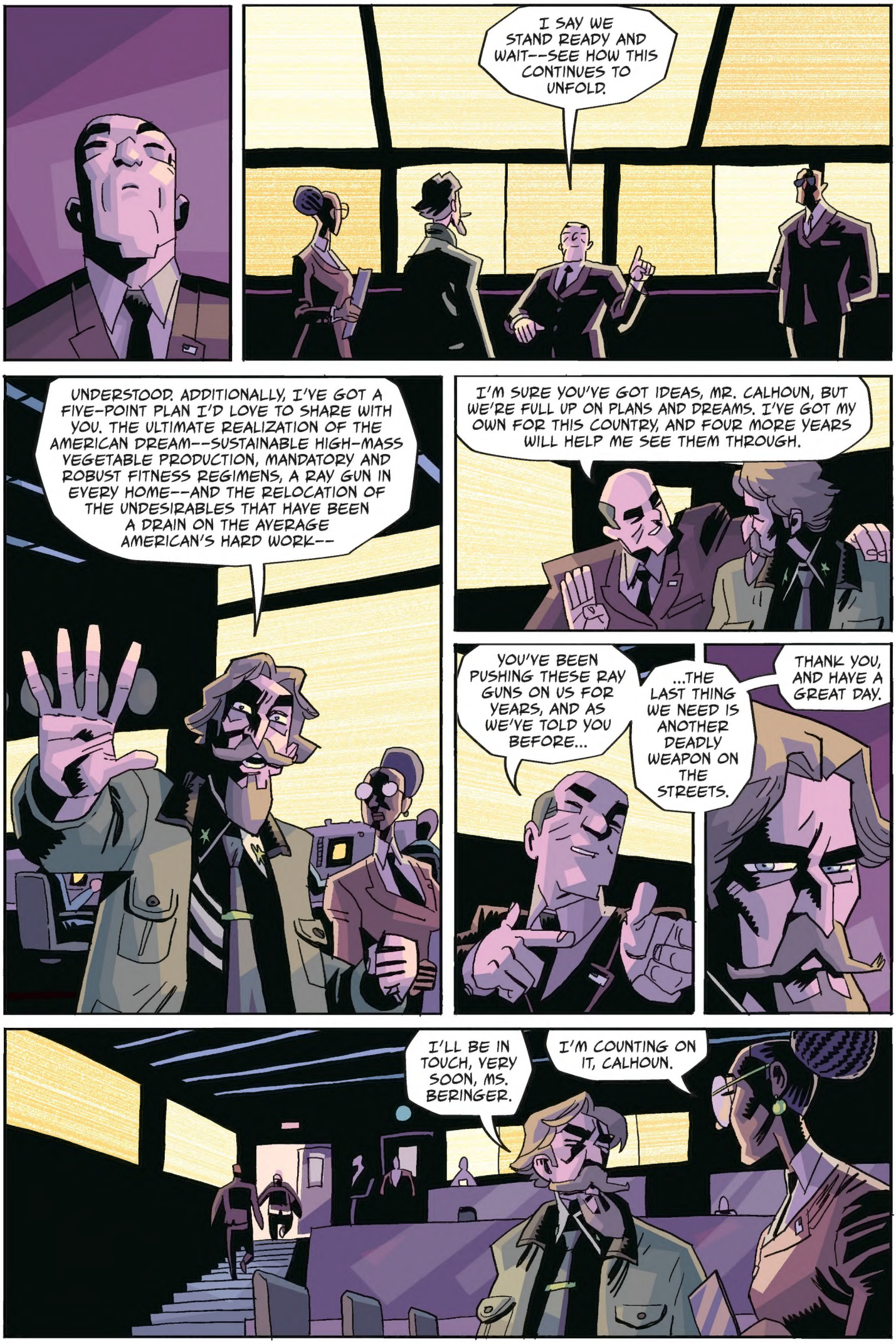

THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY IN
WATCHING THE SPARROWS
BEING PART TWO OF SIX
IN THE STORY: PLAN B
KEEP THE OTHERS HIDDEN.
EXCELLENT.

"THEIR TIME MAY COME, ALL ACCORDING TO PLAN."
YOU WANTED TO SEE ME?
YES, COME CLOSER, DEAR...
YOU SEEM DISTANT. I WAS HOPING YOU'D BOND WITH THE OTHERS.
IT'S A LITTLE HARD FOR ME TO BOND WITH A GROUP OF PSYCHOPATHS.
THAT'S UNFORTUNATE. GIVE IT TIME. YOU'LL FIND THAT THEY ARE VERY DEDICATED INDIVIDUALS, UNIFIED IN A SINGLE PURPOSE.
WHAT ARE THEY DOING DOWN THERE?
THEY'RE PLAYING.

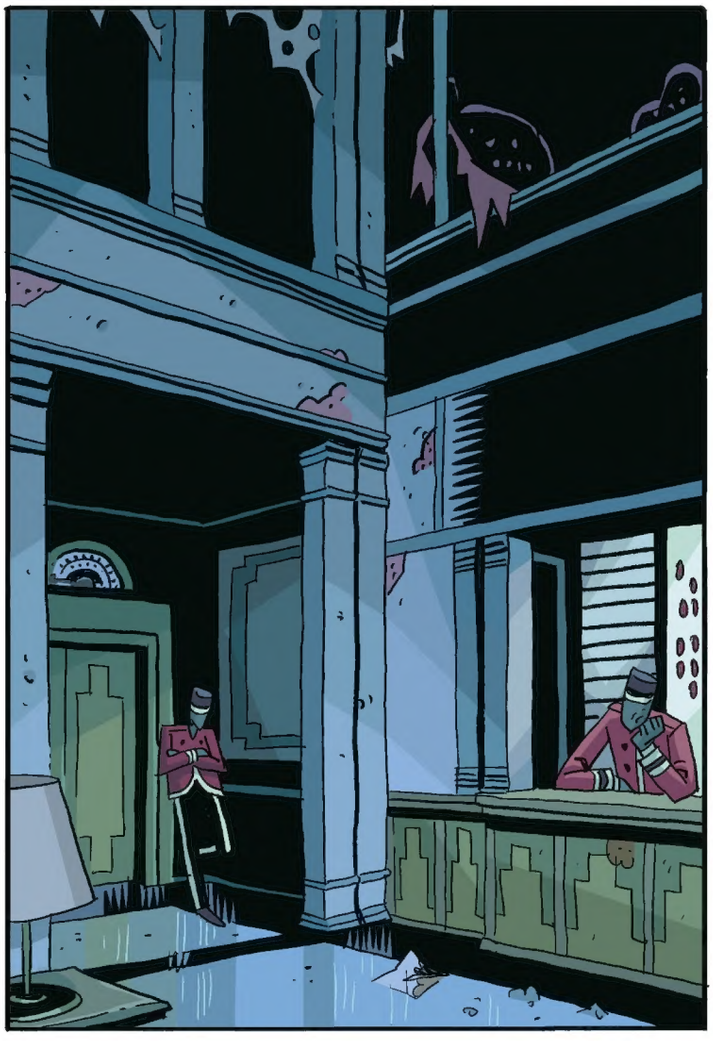
BLOCK THE SHOT, NUMBER SIX!
WHIZZZ
INSUBORDINATION ISN'T AN OPTION.
NOW KICK IT BACK.
I'D RATHER NOT.
KICK IT BACK.


WHACK
YOU ARE SUCH A DISAPPOINTMENT, NUMBER SIX.
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, YOU'RE ALL STILL SOFT, AND YOU NEED TO OVERCOME THAT BECAUSE OF THE IMPORTANCE OF OUR WORK.
THE REST OF YOU WILL NOW TAKE TURNS KICKING THE HEAD AT NUMBER SIX. AND SHE WILL BLOCK THE SHOT.
SINCE WHEN DOES OUR WORK CONSIST OF EXECUTING CRIMINALS AND USING THEIR SEVERED HEADS AS A FÚTBOL?
SINCE THE OTHERS LEFT THE WORLD A MESS THROUGH THEIR INCOMPETENCE. THESE VIOLENT ESCAPEES MUST BE EXTERMINATED ALONG WITH ANY OTHER MALCONTENTS...

"SO THE WORLD KNOWS WHO'S IN CHARGE."
MR. PRESIDENT, THIS IS ARTEMIS CALHOUN, WHOM I BELIEVE YOU MET AT AN EVENT A FEW YEARS AGO...
SOUTHERN AGRICULTURAL SUMMIT--THOSE CHEAP BASTARDS WHO NEVER HAVE A DECENT PLATE OF SALAD FOR THE GUESTS--AM I RIGHT?
NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN.
AS YOU CAN IMAGINE, THE PRESIDENT HAS A VERY PACKED AGENDA, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE THIS QUICK.
THEN LET'S GET RIGHT DOWN TO IT. PLAIN AND SIMPLE, MR. PRESIDENT--THESE SUPERPOWERED ABNORMALS HAVE PLAGUED OUR LIVES FOR THE LAST THIRTY OR SO YEARS, AND WITH THE EMERGENCE OF ANOTHER SEVEN ABERRATIONS, THEY'VE BECOME AN EVEN BIGGER THREAT TO THE GLORIOUS FREEDOMS WE ENJOY AS AMERICANS...
ARE YOU GOING TO STAND BY AND WATCH THESE FREAKS PUT A FASCIST STRANGLEHOLD ON THE WORLD?
IT'S NO SECRET THAT THESE NEW INDIVIDUALS HAVE ALTERED THE DYNAMIC WE ALL SHARE ON THIS EARTH. I, FOR ONE, AM NOT A FAN OF THESE NEW...HEROES. I THINK THEY'RE DANGEROUS AND SHOULD BE STOPPED.
MAY I REMIND YOU, MR. PRESIDENT, THAT YOU HAVE AN ELECTION COMING UP--
AND POLLS ARE HIGHER THAN EVER IN YOUR FAVOR--CRIME HAS BEEN DRAMATICALLY REDUCED, STOCKS ARE UP, ETC.
THERE IS THAT TO CONSIDER...
WE'LL HANDLE THIS HOWEVER YOU WANT, MR. PRESIDENT.


I SAY WE STAND READY AND WAIT--SEE HOW THIS CONTINUES TO UNFOLD.
UNDERSTOOD. ADDITIONALLY, I'VE GOT A FIVE-POINT PLAN I'D LOVE TO SHARE WITH YOU. THE ULTIMATE REALIZATION OF THE AMERICAN DREAM--SUSTAINABLE HIGH-MASS VEGETABLE PRODUCTION, MANDATORY AND ROBUST FITNESS REGIMENS, A RAY GUN IN EVERY HOME--AND THE RELOCATION OF THE UNDESIRABLES THAT HAVE BEEN A DRAIN ON THE AVERAGE AMERICAN'S HARD WORK--
I'M SURE YOU'VE GOT IDEAS, MR. CALHOUN, BUT WE'RE FULL UP ON PLANS AND DREAMS. I'VE GOT MY OWN FOR THIS COUNTRY, AND FOUR MORE YEARS WILL HELP ME SEE THEM THROUGH.
YOU'VE BEEN PUSHING THESE RAY GUNS ON US FOR YEARS, AND AS WE'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE...
...THE LAST THING WE NEED IS ANOTHER DEADLY WEAPON ON THE STREETS.
THANK YOU, AND HAVE A GREAT DAY.
I'LL BE IN TOUCH, VERY SOON, MS. BERINGER.
I'M COUNTING ON IT, CALHOUN.

OBL



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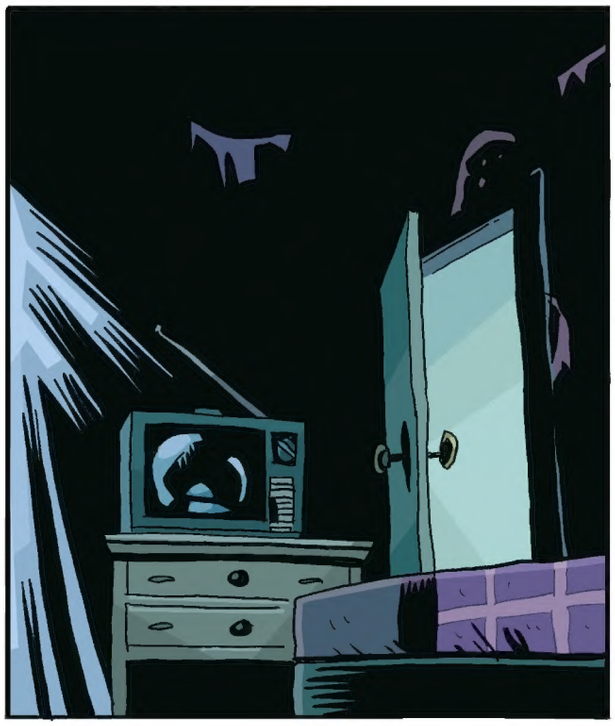
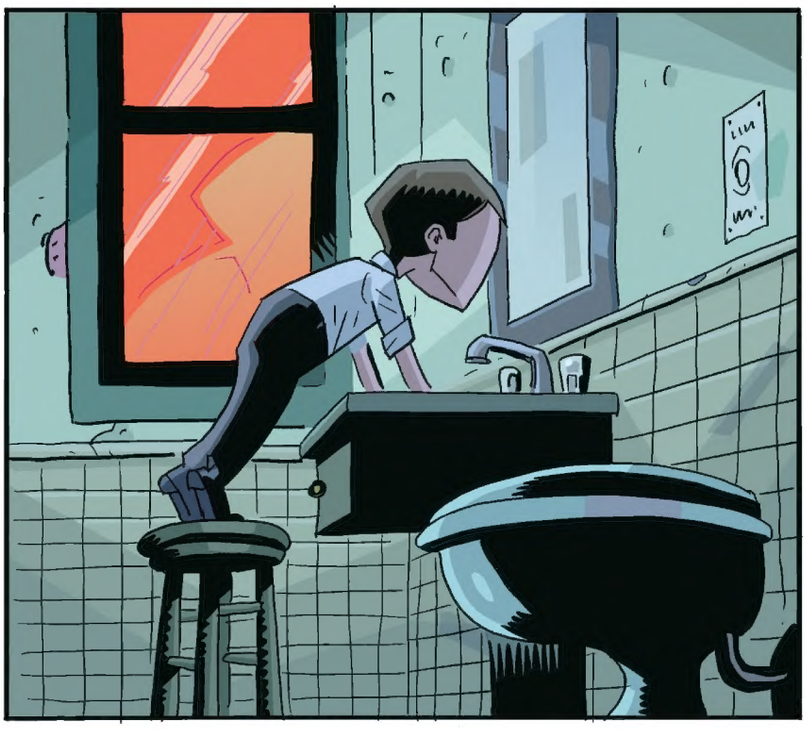




MELLLLLLLLLLLLTINNNNNGGGG--
HUH?
boink
KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK

JESUS...YOU GOING TO WAR, FIVE?
DO YOU WANT A WAR, ALLISON?
I WANT TO COME UP WITH SOME KIND OF PLAN. WE'VE BEEN SITTING HERE FOR WEEKS DOING NOTHING.
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE CITY OR WHERE THE HELL DIEGO IS.
I CAN TELL YOU WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE CITY--IT'S MORE OR LESS A NEAR-FASCIST POLICE STATE WITH THE SPARROWS RUNNING THE SHOW AND KEEPING EVERYONE IN A STATE OF FEAR.
HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS?
DIEGO TOLD ME.
Snap

YOU'VE SEEN DIEGO?!
WHERE DO YOU THINK I GOT THE GUNS?
YOU KNOW THE SPARROWS WILL KILL US IF THEY FIND US.
I COULD HAVE HANDLED THEM, BUT YOU AND YOUR BLABBERING SCREWED EVERYTHING UP--
I THOUGHT YOU STOPPED DOING THAT, BY THE WAY.
I DID, BUT THERE HAVE BEEN SOME EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.
zip
YOU TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, ALLISON.

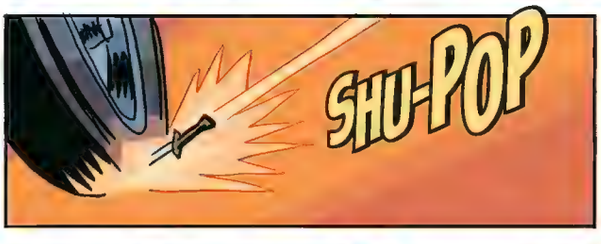
WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE SOME THINGS OUT--
KICKIN THE H
DO NOT DISTURB
ONE BOWL OF WARM CHICKEN STOCK PER DAY
MERCI -K
FIGURE THEM OUT ON YOUR OWN--I'M LEAVING.
THOSE MANIACS WILL FIND YOU!
HOW DO YOU KNOW I'M NOT TRYING TO FIND THEM?
LISTEN TO ME--
NO! I'M DONE LISTENING TO YOU. SPACEBOY COULDN'T DEAL WITH IT, SO HE LEFT, AND KLAUS GOT SO SICK OF HEARING YOU TALK THAT HE LOCKED HIMSELF IN HIS ROOM.
I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF HE'S STILL ALIVE. IF THERE IS SUCH A THING AS A MERCIFUL GOD, HE'D HAVE PUT THAT JUNKIE OUT OF HIS MISERY BY NOW.
I'M TAKING OFF--HAVE FUN WITH YOUR DOLLHOUSES.

DO YOU THINK WE MADE A CLEAN GETAWAY?! I THINK SOMEONE IS FOLLOWING US!

NO ONE IS FOLLOWING US. KEEP IT TOGETHER.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY WE WAITED SO LONG TO GET OUT OF THIS HELLHOLE OF A CITY--IT'S TOO LATE! THEY'RE GONNA FIND US! THEY'RE GONNA KILL US LIKE THEY'VE BEEN KILLING THE OTHERS--

SHUT UP. WE HID AT YOUR SISTER'S JUST WAITING FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT--

WE GOT THE CASH-- NOW'S OUR CHANCE--


SHU-POP

THEY FOUND US! THEY FOUND US!
I TOLD YOU THEY'D FIND US--!
LOSING CONTROL-- WE'RE GOING TOO FAST--!

CRASH!
PLEASE... PLEASE DON'T KILL US, I--
...IT'S YOU...
...THANK GOD IT'S YOU...
YOU HAVE TO LOCK ME UP--! THEY'RE OUT THERE LOOKING FOR ME--! I'VE GOT NOWHERE ELSE TO GO--
YOU LOOK LIKE CRAP...WHEN'S THE LAST TIME YOU SLEPT...OR SHOWERED?
I'VE GOT THREE MORE FOR YOU, BODY. THEY NEED MEDICAL ATTENTION...
YEAH, WE'LL GRAB YOUR JERKS IN A MINUTE.
TAKE A NUMBER, PAL!
NEXT!
INSPECTOR LUPO HAS BEEN RECOVERING WELL FROM HIS WOUND, AND HE SHOULD BE BACK ON THE STREETS ANY DAY NOW, SINCE YOU ASKED.
RIGHT NOW, WE HAVE A BIGGER PROBLEM--

THERE'S TOO MANY OF THEM.
DON'T WORRY. I CAN HANDLE IT.
NOT WORRIED ABOUT YOU, MORON.
WE ARE RUNNING OUT OF ROOM.
HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW THEY'VE BEEN EASIER TO CATCH?
THAT'S BECAUSE THEY'RE SCARED AND THEY KNOW THEY'RE SAFE IN HERE.
THIS IS NOT A HOTEL, KRAKEN. SO, UNLESS WE CAN FIND A PLACE FOR ALL THESE GOONS...
"WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO START TURNING THEM AWAY..."

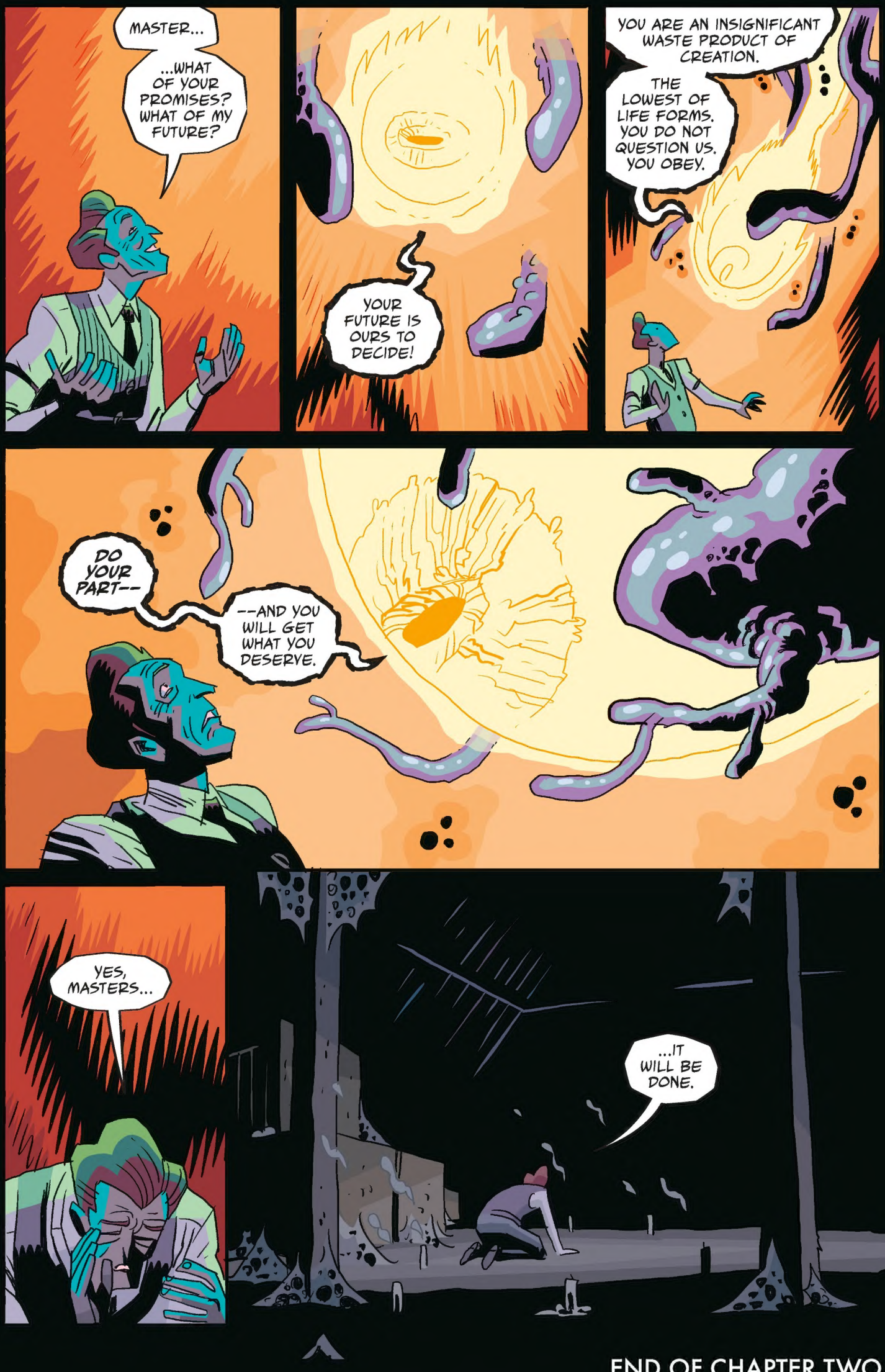
ALL RIGHT...
...I'M HERE.
WE DON'T HAVE A LOT OF TIME BEFORE GRACE NOTICES I'M GONE...
WHAT'S THE STATUS?
AFTER THEY RESCUED DR. ZOO FROM THE CRASH OF THE *MINERVA*, GRACE ASKED HIM TO FIX THE SHIP FOR THE SPARROWS. ZERO AND I HAVE BEEN HIDING THIS WHOLE TIME. THEY ARE UNAWARE OF OUR PRESENCE.
IT'S IMPERATIVE THAT THEY DON'T FIND YOU, BECAUSE WE'RE GOING TO STEAL THE *MINERVA*--
--WE MUST GO BACK INTO ***AFTERSPACE*** AND FIGURE OUT EXACTLY WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE UNIVERSE.
I ALSO HAVE SOME IDEAS AS TO WHAT VALUABLE INFORMATION HARGREEVES MAY HAVE BEEN HIDING...

HOW IS THE HUNT GOING THESE DAYS, DIEGO?
AS HARD AS PICKING FLOWERS.
THE POLICE STATION IS OVERFLOWING. IT LOOKS LIKE THE FUCKING NETHERLANDS. THEY'RE GOING TO CUT THEM LOOSE IF I DON'T FIND A SOLUTION SOON.
HMM...MAYBE YOU CAN FIND A SUITABLE PLACE FOR YOUR GARDEN IF YOU LOOK HARD ENOUGH...

YOU ARE A PERSON WHO ALWAYS DELIVERED WHEN CALLED UPON. CAN I COUNT ON YOU TO FIND THEM?
I BELIEVE SOME OF THEM ARE NOT EXACTLY ON THIS PLANET, BUT I'M CERTAIN THAT THERE'S ONE I CAN GET IN TOUCH WITH.
GET 'ER DONE, MR. TOR. GOD BLESS.
YOUR IMMUNO-BOOST GINSENG SHAKE, MR. CALHOUN...
I THANK YOU, AND MY DEARLY DEPARTED MOTHER, CUT DOWN IN HER PRIME AT NINETY-EIGHT YEARS OLD, THANKS YOU...NOW, PULL UP A CHAIR--
click
WHY, THANK YOU, SIR, I--
LESTER, LET ME ASK YOU A QUESTION.
WHEN YOU WERE A LITTLE BOY, DID YOU HAVE BIG DREAMS?
OH, I DON'T KNOW. SURE, I GUESS...I WANTED TO BE A FIREMAN, AN ASTRONAUT, A SWIMMING CHAMP...
...I EVEN WANTED TO BE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES... BUT THAT'S JUST KID STUFF.
IS IT, NOW?

RIGHT...
...LET'S BEGIN.
HELLO, SPECIAL FRIEND--

YOU'RE LATE.
I WAS DELAYED BY THE CAREGIVER. SHE'S BEEN EXCITABLE, TO SAY THE LEAST, AND--
HER EMOTIONAL STATE IS NO CONCERN OF YOURS, INSECT. WE HAVE OUR OWN PURPOSE FOR HER.
DO NOT WASTE MY TIME WITH EXCUSES. TELL ME OF NEWS. SPEAK TO ME OF PLANS.
THE PLAN UNFOLDS. THE PLAYERS ARE ALL IN PLACE, THE PARTS ARE PLAYED, THE STAGE IS ALMOST SET.
THIS PLEASES US. YOU HAVE DONE WELL.



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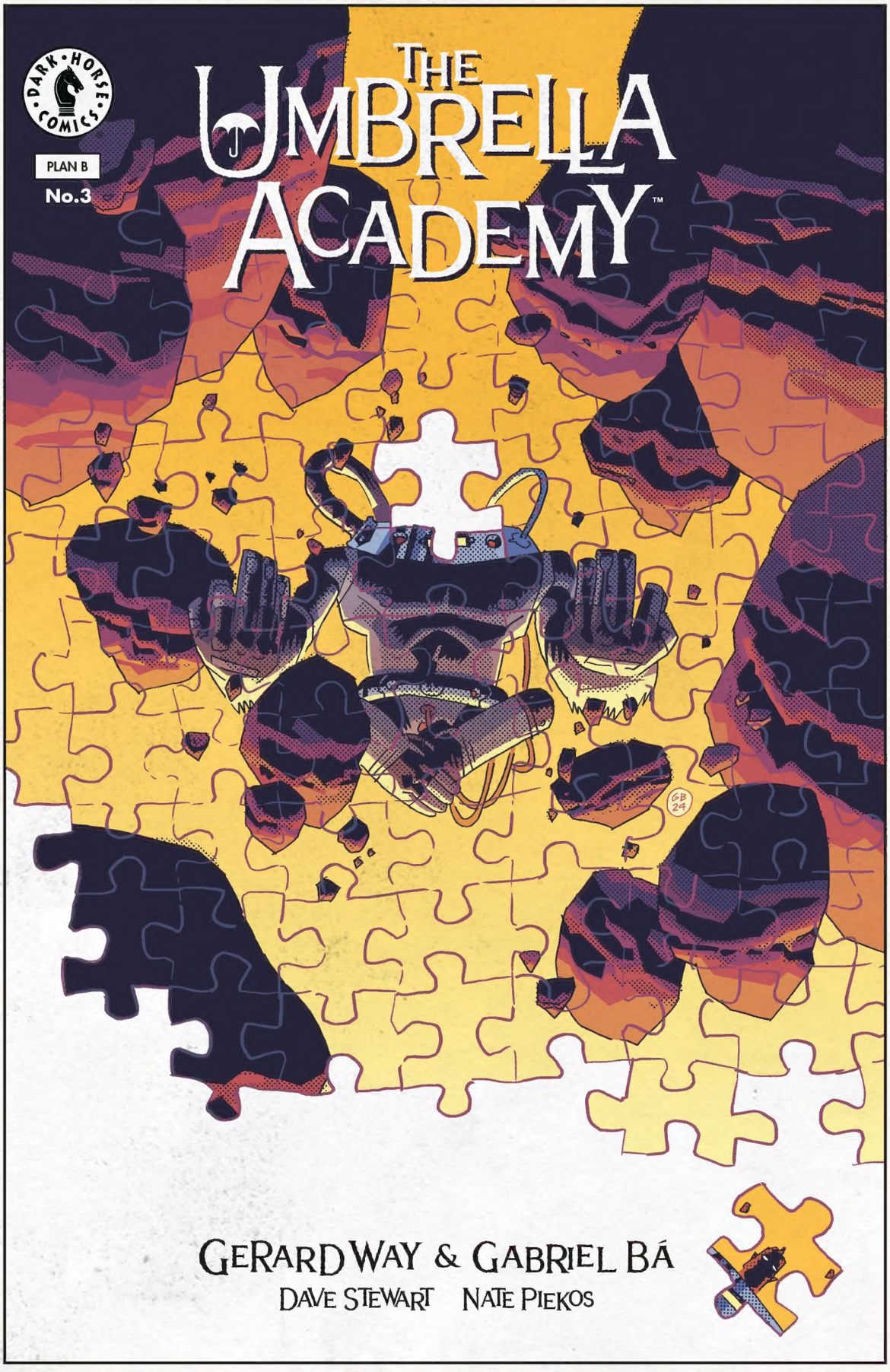
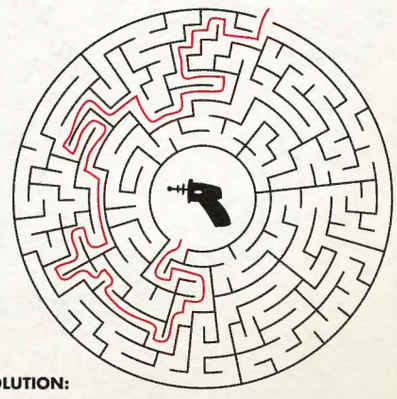


Issue #3!

ON SALE SEPTEMBER 24!

With the Sparrows running the show, everyone is seeking help to cope with their new reality. Klaus is in a support group. Five is auditioning for a job. Spaceboy is having transcendent conversations with his childhood hero, and Rumor is about to get a surprise that might turn her world upside down. Between visions from the past and plans for the future, a mother just wants to see her children together again.



SOLUTION:

The Umbrella Academy!

SON OF ULTRON